

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23 1884.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 303

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE

AT

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING-OUT**, not a CLEARANCE SALE! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices!** The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Gingham, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost mark!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once **FOR CASH.**

J. W. HAYDEN.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF FINE CLOAKS!

BY

WELSH & WISEMAN, DANVILLE.

Owing to the unfavourable weather for the sale of Cloaks and having an unusual large stock on hand, the undersigned have determined to offer on Monday next, County Court day, and the week following the Entire Stock at **A GREAT SACRIFICE!** Ladies who have not yet bought their Winter wraps will find this a rare opportunity to do so. **WELSH & WISEMAN.**

Returned Prodigal—"Dad! Dad! How little the old farm has changed."

Honest Farmer—"Very few changes have been made my son. You will find things pretty much as you left them twenty years ago. Over there is the apple tree you planted."

"Yes, the same tree, only larger; and there is the dog-house I made for the new pup!"

"Yes; poor Carlo! He died of old age ten years ago. That dog you see is his grandson."

And over there is the chicken house I helped to build for old Biddy's first brood."

"Yes; poor old Biddy! I wish I had known you were coming home."

"Why?"

"Because I might have saved her, but I took her to market last week."

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moderate, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stage.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S COURTHSHIP.—Jefferson's wife had been a widow four years when she married him, and she was only thirty-seven years old at that time. She was ten years Jefferson's wife, and in that period had six children by him. She died in 1872. It is said that she was much courted, and two of Jefferson's rivals met on her doorstep a day or two before the latter's engagement. They heard sounds of music within, and soon found that Jefferson was singing a love song to the young widow while she played an accompaniment on the harp. They concluded not to press their suits, and left with their love untold.—[Washington Letter.]

The young men of Dakota are organizing clubs and sending agents east to select marriageable young ladies who are willing to go out west and become wives of cowboys. It is said that females are so scarce in the territory and the demand for wives is so great among the young men that Dakota girl immigrants before she can unpack her trunk.—[South Kentucky.]

DR. BOSANKO.

This name has become so familiar to the mass of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 Sold by McRoberts & Stage.

"What did you give your husband on his birthday, dear?"

"A hundred cigars?"

"How much did you give for them?"

"Nothing."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that dear George smokes a great deal, and every now and then I take a few of his cigars, and then, when his birthday comes round, I make him a present of them. It does not cost much and always insures me a new dress."—[London Society.]

A most singular case at law, now in the Supreme Court of Virginia, is that of Cabell and Maguire against the Southern Mutual Insurance Company and others. It is singular from the fact that that word "others" stands for upward of 5,000 persons, whose names as defendants fill nearly five closely printed columns in the Richmond papers.

AFTER this small pluralist Ohio State elections in October, the republicans were keen to figure the majority by the Congressional results. Applying this rule to Texas we find that the democratic majority in that state is 192,451.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at McRoberts & Stage's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil, and gives the feathers a rancid smell. When I first went to housekeeping I nearly spoiled a bed by letting the hot sun shine on it all day.—[Minneapolis Household.]

Easy to See Through

How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the mainspring won't operate? How can any one be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He can not." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick abed, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

G. R. Waters

REPRESENTS—

D. H. Baldwin & Co.,

Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Steinway & Sons', Decker Bros', Haines', J. & C. Fischer, Vose & Sons', Baldwin & Co.'s Cottage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes, also the Estey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

OPERA HOUSE,

—STANFORD, KY.—

W. P. WALTON, - Proprietor.

Size of Stage, 70x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address

PATENTS,

Carols, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to. Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge. **Free moderate, and I make no charge unless patent is secured.** Information, advice and special references sent on application. **J. R. LITTLE,** Washington, D. C. Near U. S. Patent Office.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed as a Sore Throat. MR. & only by the Great Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. F. McCLARY

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy.

Saw Mill For Sale!

Having determined to change my business, I offer for sale (privately) my Saw Mill, situated on Brush Creek, in Casey county, Ky. The Engine is stationary; Boiler 40x24; Engine 10x20; Counter Shaft 25 feet. Edging Saw and Grist Mill attached. The property is well-known and

In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing to exchange for good farm stock, such as Horses, Cattle, &c. Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business will find a good opening by applying to **HIGH LOGAN,** Hustonville, Ky.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier-Journal

One year for only \$2—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

—AT—

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

Stanford, Ky., - - December 23, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

THE merry Christmas time is again upon us and with it has come our usual double number, especially devoted to matter appertaining to it, all of which will be found to be both amusing and interesting. We have labored harder than ever to give our patrons a good paper this year and how well we have succeeded we leave them to determine. If any news of general or local importance has escaped us, we have not been made aware of it. Nor do we think that any one can grumble about the variety or the lack of a sufficient amount of reading matter. Certainly not this month at any rate, for of the seven issues sent out three have contained supplements and three have been double numbers, with enough matter in them to fill a large book. But we did not start this article to brag about our achievements, they speak for themselves whether good or bad, but merely to extend the compliments of the season to our patrons and wish them a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The San Francisco Examiner says: "If there be in republicanism that which is enduring and as noble as republicans think, adversity will only serve to make its principles more conspicuous. Hard rubbing is what gives the brilliancy to the steel, as pressure and combustion harden its fiber. There is nothing in defeat to repine at. The democrats were in exile for twenty-four years, and came back into the sight of men with their principles as firmly fixed as when they surrendered the government. That is a party of honor and principle which, while it has nothing to bestow, lives and waxes strong, and at last comes into the sight of its own glory amid the acclamations of the people."

The Harrodsburg Citizen, which upholds the "majority" of the law as it expresses it, whatever that may mean, takes us to task for criticizing the Court of Appeals and says we have no right to cast a stone. We do not understand the point attempted to be made. The writer's mind was evidently in a befuddled condition, induced by the near approach of Christmas or by too frequent potatoes of the beverage especially reasonable now.

WADE HAMPTON denounces Gen. Sherman's charge that Jeff Davis' ambition was to become dictator of the Southern Empire and when asked why should the general wish to tell a gratuitous falsehood, said: "He might have been crazy, or he might have lied just for the love of lying." "It wouldn't be the first time he has deliberately lied," and Wade's address is "Columbia, S. C. by God sir."

HUGH McCULLOCK has at last been confirmed Secretary of the Treasury. Riddleberger, Mahone's "me too" from Virginia, staved it off as long as possible and his was the only vote in the negative when at last it came to be voted on. Riddleberger is one of the little adders that Arthur warmed into life and no honest man will regret that he has turned and stung him.

The Sunday Argus flippantly says: "Col. Geo. O. Barnes continues to find time to correspond with the Stanford Interior Journal. Guess that's what makes Bro. Walton such a good man." The Argus should not jest about serious matters. We are a good man indeed, but we were not aware of the cause till this suggestion.

SAM RANDALL says Waterson's attack on him is out of pure malevolence and adds that he never fails to let an opportunity slip in which he can make himself ridiculous. We are not prepared to endorse the statement in its entirety, but in this particular instance he has gone off even before reaching a half cock.

Forty-six young ladies of the Broom Brigade called on Mr. Hendricks the other day and he kissed the last one of them. The office of Vice President is usually a poor affair, but if kissing the pretty girls is to be made one of the perquisites of it, it will soon be more sought after than the presidency itself.

It cost \$8,468.50 to have the electoral vote taken to Washington from the respective State capitals, when 38 two-cent stamps would have answered every purpose. The messengers get 25 cents per mile, which made Mr. Stanton's amount for carrying Kentucky's vote \$151.50.

It is charged that the County Attorney of Hart was either a member of the mob Pedagogue Elooom dispersed, or aware of its purpose. His gun was found near Stocum's house afterwards. A sweet-scented officer to be sure.

The Indiana representatives in Congress think their State entitled to recognition in the Cabinet and respectfully asks that "Old Saddlebag" McDonald be given a portfolio.

JOHN R. McLEAN, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is the only one of our rich editors that gave his wife a \$30,000 diamond necklace as a Christmas gift. Ours got hers last Christmas.

The girl who married Oscar Richards, in Wisconsin, three years ago wrote on her wedding day to a friend: "My husband loves me devotedly, and yet he has such a wicked temper that I don't doubt he will end by murdering me." Her estimate of his character was correct; he has killed her.

THE New York World advises the Indianapolis paper, which Blaine brought the libel suit against with such a flourish of virtuous indignation, to not let the matter drop in the way he has decided, but suggests that Blaine himself be sued. The suggestion is a plausible one, for if the Indianapolis journalist did not tell a lie surely Mr. Blaine was not justified in branding him as an "atrocious libeller." The public statement that the Sentinel had given utterance to a story "utterly and abominably false in every statement and in every implication," and that its editor had assailed the honor of a woman and her children, was certainly calculated to draw public contempt on the journalist and to injure his business. The charge came from no irresponsible source, but from the presidential candidate of a once great party and now that candidate should be made to prove his assertions or pay for making them. It is time Blaine was taught a lesson in regard to bringing libel suits for political purposes.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—In Northern Wisconsin the mercury stopped at 43° below zero.

—Mrs. Julia A. Latham committed suicide at Lexington, by jumping into a cistern.

—Cigar manufacturers and leaf tobacco men are almost a unit in opposing the Cuban treaty.

—Mr. Nat. L. Bronaugh and Miss Margaret Letcher were married in Nicholasville last week.

—The Senate has passed a bill to make the 4th of March a legal holiday, on Presidential inauguration years.

—Bradstreet's Commercial Agency estimates that 316,000 workmen are out of employment in this country.

—The children will be sorry to learn that the Rapple Toy Factory at Louisville was burned and with \$20,000 of toys.

—Bishop Wm. F. Dickerson, colored, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died of heart disease at Columbia, S. C., Friday evening, aged 40 years.

—Mrs. Betsy Vandehof gave her husband "gold pisen" instead of the medicine prescribed by the physician and now she is to go to the Michigan penitentiary for life for it.

—The Superior Court has affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of Judge Morton vs. Tracie, of Lexington, for \$500 for libel.

—Forty-two thousand dollars will be paid in premiums for live stock at the New Orleans Exposition, which includes \$4,500 for dogs.

—In thirteen out of 64 candy factories visited by the sanitary officers of New York it was found that all the colored candies were unfit to eat.

—The report of the Washington Monument Committee shows that the weight of the monument is 8,120 tons and it has cost \$1,177,710, of which Congress appropriated \$888,710.

—A summary of disasters to the Gloucester fishing fleet the past year shows 16 vessels, valued at \$87,000, and 151 fishermen lost. The fishermen leave 50 widows and 66 children.

—The Superior Court of Kentucky holds that "the domicile of the father is the domicile of his child, and domicile includes legal residence, though the actual residence be elsewhere."

—The Carlisle Mercury says that the printed report of the Gould trial contains so much obscene matter that the postmaster at Millersburg has refused to allow it to be sent through the mails.

—The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum at Brooklyn burned and 100 of the 789 children which it contained are missing and supposed to have been consumed, besides two Sisters of Charity.

—The terms of several hundred Postmasters, Marshals and other Federal officers expire before March 4. President Arthur will continue to make appointments up to the last day of his Administration if called upon to do so through existing vacancies.

—The Congressional Commission to arrange for the dedication of the Washington monument invites, through the medium of the Associated Press, all civil, military and naval organizations in the United States to attend the ceremonies, which will be held at the base of the monument on the 21st of February next.

MARRIAGES.

—George W. Crabtree and Mrs. Mary Hodge were married at Mr. S. H. Baughman's last week.

—Mr. Hugh W. Richards and Mrs. Joie Routen, a young widow of 20, will celebrate Christmas at Point Pleasant church by uniting their destinies.

—Mr. James D. Shaver, a prominent young lawyer of Centre Point, Ark., and Miss Sallie H. Borden, one of Somerset's most cultivated young ladies, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents this week. —[Republican.]

—Last summer our Crab Orchard correspondent reported that Mr. Samuel Holman and Miss Claudia Carson had run off and married, but he was mistaken. Their nuptials will however be celebrated at Mr. J. F. Carson's to-day and we wish them bon voyage on the sea of life.

DEATHS.

—Died of consumption at 1 P. M., Dec. 15, Martha, daughter of J. M. and Mrs. Mary A. Hendricks; aged 35 years. She joined the Christian church 15 years ago and continued a faithful member of the same through life. She was an invalid for several years, but bore her afflictions with patience and entered the valley of the shadow of death calmly and without alarm. She said she was ready and willing to go to her Master any minute. Her remains were interred in Buffalo Cemetery. —H

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Centre College, the two female schools and the public school have adjourned until after the holidays.

—The ladies of the Baptist church have realized something over \$100 from the suppers given by them in the vacant store-room on 3d street and from the sale of little articles of merchandise.

—An energetic youth of Danville who has patronized the Louisiana Lottery for the last ten years drawing only blanks, had his patience rewarded by the receipt of a \$5 prize at the last drawing. He promises to "set 'em up" Christmas.

—A very elegant entertainment was given Friday evening by Judge and Mrs. J. K. Sumrall at their home in this county, to a number of gentlemen friends, one of whom it is rumored will soon lead to the altar a lovely and accomplished lady of Danville.

—F. W. Masonheimer has on exhibition in his window opposite the court-house a large sized finely dressed doll, which every little girl who passes looks at with longing eyes. To every person buying ten cents worth of candy he gives a ticket with a certain number on it, and among the tickets so distributed will be one which will entitle the holder to the doll. The lucky person will be known the day after New Year.

—A judge in Boyle county recently fined a colored gentleman \$5 for stealing a pair of pants and an additional \$5 to be paid to the person from whom the pants were stolen. The culprit confessed his guilt and wanted to be sent on for further trial, but his Honor wouldn't listen to the plea but summoned instead a half dozen witnesses and when he had heard their sworn statements, he swore the negro and heard what he had to say and then rendered the above judgment.

—A man named Farrand who lives near Junction City a few days ago quarreled with his wife and concluding that a visit to her parents would be beneficial to her health, marched her to town and buying her a ticket to the point in Virginia where her parents lived, compelled her to board the proper train when it arrived and depart for the scenes of her youth. The poor woman wept and did not want to get on the cars but her liege lord drew a gun on her and told her to get and she got.

—Mr. W. W. Tompkins, who arrived from Burnside Saturday, informed our correspondent that at Bronston, just opposite Burnside, a man named John Vaughn was burned to death under the following circumstances: It seems that two brothers, John and James Vaughn, lived together in a cabin and that John went home on the night in question somewhat intoxicated. A few hours later the cabin was discovered to be on fire, but the flames had made such headway that it was impossible to enter. When they were somewhat subdued the body of Vaughn was found with the head, one leg and one arm burned off. It is not known how the fire originated.

—Messrs. Francis Wilson, W. E. Smoot and Hugh Craft left for New Orleans Monday. Mr. Wilson may go to Waco, Texas before he returns. Mr. Jacob Guest has gone to Crab Orchard. "Squire W. H. Prewitt, of the West End, who has been confined to his bed several weeks with malarial fever, is able to move about in his room now a little. Hon. D. S. More, of Harrodsburg, was here Thursday. Hon. J. S. Van Winkle is confined at his home by an attack of pneumonia. Mr. E. F. Phillips has gone to Nicholasville to visit his father. W. R. Genesinger, of Piqua, O., has engaged as salesman with A. W. Wilson. Messrs. S. W. Givens and S. V. Rowland went to Laurel Sunday to see after their coal interests.

Christmas.

It is not all of Christmas to eat, drink, and be merry. "Peace on earth, good will to men" implies obligation as well as personal enjoyment: To forgive, to think kindly of others, to remember your friends in appropriate gifts, to give charity free course, to make yourself and others happy.

In the matter of gifts the relative positions of giver and receiver must be considered. There may be cases in which the present of a load of coal or a barrel of potatoes would be most acceptable. Then, again, diamonds or other costly jewels would be the only fitting token of love or friendship. We do not propose to go into detail. Parents know best what would most please their children. The young man may be left to determine what would be most acceptable to his best girl, or she to him. The good husband—mind you, the good—will be even than generous with his wife. He may give more to the extent of his means and in love and tender care she will repay ten-fold.

On the part of those who can afford it diamonds or jewels are the most appropriate for gifts. They are not only of unvarying value but will be imperishable reminders of the giver.

Well, all we wanted to say was, in Christmas time enjoy the good things of life in moderation, be happy, make others happy, and especially, remember the poor. —[Cov. Commonwealth.]

Sixty tons of rock fell Friday afternoon from the arch of the natural bridge in Virginia. The report was deafening and the shock considerable. There is nothing to indicate the place from whence it fell but a square niche. The curved lines of the bridge were not disturbed. This is the first fall of rock from the bridge since it was struck by lightning in 1789.

—A heavy snow-storm set in Sunday afternoon at St. Paul and several inches of snow fell before dark. The temperature was falling and the signal officer said it would probably be 25° below zero before morning.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Three or four of the section hands were frost bitten Thursday.

—J. L. Allen, our depot agent and wife, have gone home to spend the holidays.

—C. B. Engleman's is head quarters for fire-works, little boys, don't you forget it. —The auction of W. L. Barnes was largely attended and everybody got bargains. Goods sold at exceedingly low prices.

—Hume & Co. have sold 6,000 barrels of whisky to Eastern parties and the Silver Creek distillery will commence operations in a short time.

—Our neighbor, Mr. Pepper, took the second premium at the Harrodsburg tobacco fair last week. Old Garrard is among the leading tobacco growing counties.

—If the weather don't moderate soon there is great danger of two of our young men getting frost bitten while they stand on the corner to see a certain young lady pass.

—Mr. H. L. Wallace and Miss Maggie Hackley have commenced a male and female school at Walnut Institute. They are both good teachers and will have a good school.

—B. F. Richardson, Jr., better known as Babe, a gentleman with more brass than honor, forged his father's name to a check for \$10, got the money from Ward & Lutes and lit out for parts unknown.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—The cold spell has broken up and now we have mud.

—Mr. J. N. Smith, Supervisor L. & N. railroad, is moving his family to London this week.

—There will be a church festival at Brodhead Christmas night. Everybody is invited to attend.

—County court to-day brought a very small crowd, as usual. Nobody seems to have any business in town on county court days.

—John Coffey, known as "Long John" died last Thursday night, after an illness of several days. He leaves a family in good circumstances.

—Mr. James L. Joplin has about filled his ice house with very fine ice. Its average thickness is about 4 inches, clear and sound.

—The acts of the late Legislature have been sent to this place at last. Before they can be understood they will be repealed by the next general assembly.

—Before another issue of this paper is out Christmas will have come. We now take this opportunity, Mr. Editor, of wishing you and the readers of this column a merry Christmas.

—Mr. C. W. Adams has gone to St. Joe, Missouri. He lived at that place about 25 years ago and will no doubt find many and great changes in that country. Mr. M. C. Miller, of Stanford, was in town Sunday. Mr. W. A. Tribble's school will close Wednesday.

—J. L. Whitehead invites every body to examine his stock of Holiday goods before buying elsewhere. Besides the usual line of toys, he has a good stock of silverware, consisting of Individual Castors, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Pickle Castors, Vases, Toilet Sets, Jewelry Cases, &c., also a good collection of Poems, Novels, Stories, Chatterboxes, Photographs and Scrap Albums. Santa Claus will, during Xmas, make his headquarters at Whitehead's store in both Williamsburg and Mt. Vernon. Mail orders promptly attended to and female orders will receive the immediate attention of the proprietor.

To the "Little Farefoot" Company.

STANFORD, KY.—The undersigned citizens of Stanford and vicinity were so much pleased with your beautiful entertainment of Saturday evening last that they unite in respectfully requesting a repetition of it one evening next week: W. G. Welch, R. C. Warren, M. C. Sauley, P. M. McRoberts, J. W. Alcorn, Bright & Curran, Robt. S. Lytle, M. Peyton, J. B. Paxton, Hugh Reid, Thomas Metcalf, Robt. Fenzel, W. R. Carson, W. M. Bright, Geo. H. Bruce, T. D. Newland, Matt. Woodson, A. R. Penny, Geo. McAllister and many others.

THE Courier Journal correspondent said of the show: "Little Barefoot" drew a good house, taking the extremely cold weather into consideration, and each of the young ladies and gentlemen deserve praise for the creditable manner in which they, as amateurs, performed their respective parts in the play. Misses Lucy Burton, Bessie Pennington, Fannie Reid, and Mr. Wm. Severance are almost equal to professionals. The music was excellent."

—According to the statement made by Mr. Logan Dawson, of Lincoln county, this State, in the Stanford Journal, that old gentleman is entitled to a share of the spoils. His father raised five democratic sons, but he "saw" the old man two better and has raised to voting age seven democratic sons. Grove, give the old man anyhow a postoffice. —[State Journal.]

Very Remarkable Discovery.

Mrs. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters and is so much improved that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Tate & Penny.

Washed Out Hair.

There is a sort of pallid, chalky complexion which the novelists call a "washed out complexion." It is ghastly enough and no mistake. Washed-out, faded, colored or parti-colored hair is almost as repulsive and melancholy. Farrow's Hair Balsam will restore your hair to its original color, whatever it was; brown, auburn or black. Why wear moss on your head, when you may easily have lively, shining hair.

OPENED

—AND—

READY FOR YOU

AND YOUR CHILDREN.

T. R. WALTON,

The Cheap Grocer,

COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.

—HAS NOW OPEN A—

Very Pretty & Comprehensive Stock

—OF—

Christmas Goods.

—CONSISTING OF—

Toys, Fireworks, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Cakes.

—In the line of Toys there are—

ENGINES, WAGONS, CARTS, SLEDS, WHEELBARROWS, GUNS, PISTOLS, SWORDS, STOVES, KITCHEN SETS, MUGS, WATCHES, CORNETS, DRUMS, PIANOS, DOLLS, FALSE FACES, PICTURE BOOKS,

And lots of pretty things that can not be given in this space.

—In Fireworks can be found—

SKY ROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES, TORPEDOES, LARGE AND SMALL FIRECRACKERS.

It can truthfully be said that his Candies are the purest, finest and prettiest. They embrace

DELICIOUS CREAMS, FRUIT, CARAMELS, CHOCOLATE, MARSH MALLOWS, TAFFY, TOY HEARTS, FRUITS AND ANIMALS, PLAIN AND FRENCH MIXED, AND THE BEST STICK.

—In Fruits there are—

ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, COCONUTS AND APPLES.

—Under the head of Nuts come—

ALMONDS, BRAZILS, FILBERTS, PECANS, ENGLISH WALNUTS AND ROASTED PEANUTS.

—In the way of Cakes can be had—

LEMON WAFERS, FROSTED HONEY, TEA & ICED TEA, FANCY FINGERS, GINGER SNAPS AND GINGER CAKES.

—Below is a list of Fancy Groceries now in stock and fresh—

CITRON, PRUNES, CURRANTS, SEEDLESS RAISINS, MINCE MEAT, MACARONI, CREAM CHEESE, OATMEAL, HONEY, KROUT, PICKLES IN BOTTLES OR BARRELS, HONEY, CRACKERS, DRIED PEACHES AND APPLES, ALL THE SPICES AND CANNED GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Of course you will will not buy your Christmas Trix without seeing the fine display at

T. R. WALTON'S,

Cor. Main and Somerset Sts.,

Stanford, - - - Kentucky.

THE DEED IS DONE!

THE BATTLE IS RAGING! TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.

THE GUNS ARE BOOMING AND A FEARFUL CUTTING IN THE WHOLE LINES!

A GREAT MANY WOUNDED, BUT NONE DEAD!

The above heading may read very sensational, but it is the full truth, that from this day on till January 1st (inclusive) every article in my Store will be offered AT AND BELOW COST! By doing this I will naturally lose money during this red letter sale, but my customers as well as those who wish to patronize me shall be convinced that D. KLASS will not be undersold by any one.

Now s the time to take Advantage of this Great Opportunity and Lay in Your Supplies.

I have bought too heavy—the season for Fall Goods was short. The only remedy left for me is to unload (as I never believe in carrying stocks over from season to season) and the way of unloading quick is to put

The Dagger in the Prices up to the Handle, without regard of the Losses. My Motto is: "First Loss, Best Loss."

Here are some of the Cuts and Slashes that will be made, (I can not give them all, on account of limited space) during this RED LETTER SALE:

CUTS IN THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.			CUTS IN THE BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.		
Men's Overcoats cut from.....	\$16 00 to \$12 00	Indigo Blue Calico, from.....	7c down to 5c	Ladies' Custom Made Shoes, from.....	\$4 50 down to \$3 50
" " " ".....	15 00 to 11 50	Great Western Cotton, from.....	7c down to 6c	" " " ".....	3 75 down to 2 75
" " " ".....	10 00 to 7 50	Good Sheeting (10 $\frac{1}{2}$) from.....	25c down to 20c	" " " ".....	3 00 down to 2 50
" " " ".....	9 00 to 6 75	Good Plaid Cotton, from.....	8c down to 6c	" " " ".....	2 50 down to 2 00
" " " ".....	7 50 to 5 00	Good Gingham, from.....	8c down to 6c	" " " ".....	2 00 down to 1 50
" " " ".....	5 00 to 3 75	Good Canton Flannel, from.....	15c down to 12c	Good Front Lace Shoes.....	1 75 down to 1 25
" " " ".....	4 00 to 2 25	Good Canton Flannel, from.....	10c down to 8c	" " " ".....	1 50 down to 1 00
Men's Suits.....	20 00 to 17 00	" " " ".....	8c down to 6c	" " " ".....	2 00 down to 1 50
" " " ".....	18 00 to 15 00	Good Bleached Cotton, ".....	7c down to 5c	Men's Boots, Calf Skin, ".....	2 50 down to 1 85
" " " ".....	15 00 to 12 50	Fruit of the Loom Cotton, from.....	9c down to 8c	" " " ".....	3 50 down to 2 50
" " " ".....	13 00 to 10 00	Best Bed Ticking, from.....	25c down to 18c	" " " ".....	4 00 down to 3 00
" " " ".....	10 00 to 7 00	Good Bed Ticking, from.....	18c down to 15c	Men's Boots (whole stock) ".....	3 50 down to 2 50
" " " ".....	8 00 to 5 00	" " " ".....	15c down to 10c	" " " ".....	2 25 down to 1 75
" " " ".....	7 00 to 4 75	" " " ".....	12c down to 8c	" " " ".....	2 50 down to 2 00
Boys' Suits.....	7 00 to 5 00	" " " ".....	\$2 down to \$1 50	Children's Boots.....	1 25 down to 1 00
" " " ".....	6 00 to 4 00	" " " ".....	\$1 50 down to \$1	" " " ".....	1 00 down to 75
" " " ".....	5 00 to 3 50	" " " ".....	\$1 25 down to 75c	Plow Shoes.....	1 50 down to 75
" " " ".....	4 50 to 3 25	All Wool Blankets ".....	\$5 down to \$4	Cuts in Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods Department.	
" " " ".....	3 75 to 2 50	Good Blankets, ".....	\$3 50 down to \$2 50	Men's Nice Hat, from.....	\$3 50 down to \$2 50
" " " ".....	1 75 to 1 25	" " " ".....	\$2 down to \$1 50	" " " ".....	2 75 down to 2 00
" " " ".....	1 50 to 1 00	Large Bed Spreads, from.....	\$1 down to 75c	" " " ".....	2 00 down to 1 50
" " " ".....	1 25 to 75	Large Shawls, from.....	\$2 50 down to \$1 75	" " " ".....	1 75 down to 1 25
Jeans Coats.....	2 00 to 1 50	" " " ".....	\$2 down to \$1 25	" " " ".....	1 50 down to 1 00
CUTS IN THE DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.			" " " ".....	" " " ".....	1 00 down to 75
Good Calico Cut from.....	5c down to 2c	Dress Goods, from.....	8c down to 5c	Boys' ".....	1 25 down to 85
		All Wool Cashmere, from.....	\$1 down to 65c	" " " ".....	90 down to 50
		Dress Flannels, from.....	75c down to 60c	" " " ".....	75 down to 40
				Good Caps.....	75 down to 50
				" " " ".....	65 down to 40
				" Undershirts.....	50 down to 25
				" " " ".....	85 down to 50
				Overalls.....	75 down to 50

And cuts in everything from a pin up.

Remember my Goods are all Fresh, New, bought this Fall, and no old shelf-worn stock or auction trash. Remember that what I say I mean; no cheap talk, and finally

REMEMBER D. KLASS' STORE,

Opposite Myers Hotel,

Is the place you should Visit first, Examine the Goods and hear the Prices before you invest one dollar elsewhere.

Stanford, Ky.

D. KLASS.

SNOWFLAKES.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year,
Ye who by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinners against sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year,
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here!
And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow:
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly Bough.

—[Charles Mackay.]

So much that's beautiful and bright,
Rare truths to which it was a stranger,
The world has learned since Bethlehem's
light
Shone o'er the infant Jesus' manger.

That Christmas tale in which appears
The child God and the mother human,
Has left for eighteen hundred years
A luster on the name of woman.

Let all the enlightened hosts of earth
On debt of gratitude be voting;
And let this time of Jesus' birth
Remain a day of glad rejoicing.

—[Ella Wheeler.]

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep—
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!"
The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

—[Longfellow.]

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas
Day
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live!

—[Charles Kingsley.]

The poor will many a care forget,
This debtor thinks not of his debt,
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year.

—[Thomas Miller.]

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

[Illustrated London News.]

Scattered round the Christmas season, we find in our own and other countries a host of amusing old folk tales, most of which, apart from their own intrinsic merits, are valuable as faithfully embodying the superstitious beliefs of our forefathers in connection with the Yule-tide festival. It would seem that, in days gone by, these fables legends were extensively circulated at Christmas-tide, the varied incidents they contained acting as so many warnings to those who might, inadvertently or otherwise, be induced to disregard the traditional notions of the season.

As the greater part of these tales are novel probably to most readers, it may not be inopportune to give some illustrations of them. Thus, Norwegian folk-tales often allude to the merry doings of the "Nisse" at Christmas-time—a class of fairies about the size of small children, and who were, we are reminded, far more numerous in the good old times than nowadays. Like Shakespeare's Puck, they are fond of pranks, and unless the master of the house pampers them, they are spiteful and vindictive, and hence it is not surprising that their good will is deemed worth securing.

On Christmas Eve, therefore, offerings of sweet porridge, cakes, beer, and other delicacies are provided specially for them; but care must be taken that this act is performed with every mark of respect, otherwise they will quickly show their displeasure. Thus, it is related how, one Christmas Eve, when a girl in a mocking spirit brought these little beings their customary offerings, she was so severely handled by them, that on the following Christmas morning she was found dead in the barn.

With tales of this kind told among the peasantry, and received by them with the utmost faith, we can well imagine how ready they naturally were to gain the patronage and friendship of these mysterious elves who, in a thousand and one ways, could befriended those who acknowledged their superior power.

Among Norwegian folk-tales of the sea relating to Christmas, we are told how a certain sailor, according to custom, was desirous of presenting on Christmas Day a cake to the spirit of the waters; but when he came to the shore, lo!—much to his disappointment—the waters were frozen over. Reluctant to leave his offering upon the ice, he tried to make a hole; but, in spite of all his labors, he could not make it large enough for the cake to go through. When perplexed as to what he should do, he was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a little, tiny hand, as white as snow, which, stretching through the hole he had made, seized the cake and instantly disappeared with it. In this legend originates, it is said, the complimentary paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water spirit's."

The Norse peasant, in his popular tales, has a curious solution for the oft-asked question, "Why is the sea salt?" It appears, that once upon a time, long ago, there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. Now it happened on Christmas Eve that the poor one had not so much as a crumb of bread to eat, so he went to his neighbor for help, who gave him a whole fitch of bacon, at the same time bidding him to go to a certain evil magician. On arriving at the magician's house, he was surrounded by a host of persons anxious to buy his fitch. "Well," said he, "by rights my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner; but since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose you must have it; but if I sell it all I must have in return that quern behind the door yonder." At first the old magician laughed outright at this proposal, but the "poor brother" stuck to it, and so at last the magician parted with his quern.

On reaching home the clock struck 12, as his wife met him at the door, wondering what had kept him out so long. "Oh," said he, "you shall quickly see the cause of my delay," after which word he put the quern on the table, bidding it grind everything necessary for the Christmas fare. The wife, as may be imagined, stood thunderstruck, watching the quern grind out dainties enough to last till Twelfth Day. When, however, the rich brother saw, on Christmas Day, all that was on the table, he was very envious and said, "whence have you got all this wealth?"

For some time the poor brother refused to tell, but in the course of the day's rejoicing he incautiously gave out the history of the magic quern which his brother ultimately bought for \$300. Before long, however, he found that it kept on grinding, and so alarmed was he that he resold it to his brother for the same money that purchased it.

As before, it soon brought renewed prosperity to the poor brother, which enabled him to buy a golden house, the fame whereof spread far and wide, and attracted strangers from all parts. So one day a stranger came

to see the quern, and the first question he asked was whether it could grind salt. "Grind salt!" said the owner, "I should just think so; and anything else you like." Thereupon, so anxious was he to buy the quern that he promised to pay out loud wealth for it. Secured of his prize, he put to sea, and when so far off that no one could reach him, he said to the quern, "Grind salt, and grind both fast and good." No sooner had he spoken than the quern forthwith began grinding salt, which, in an amazing short time, arose in heaps on the deck and threatened to sink his vessel. Alarmed at the rapidity with which the quern was grinding, the owner, in a panic, on his knees, to leave off, but still it went on, and before many minutes the vessel sank beneath the weight of salt. But the quern, still beneath the water, keeps grinding, and hence the saltiness of the sea.

These tales, in which the witch element figures strongly, still exist in our own country. Thus, in the Isle of Man, it is related how a fiddler, having agreed with a stranger to play during the twelve days of Christmas to whatever company he should bring him, was astonished at seeing his new master vanish into the earth as soon as the bargain had been made. Terrified at the thought of having agreed to work for so mysterious a personage, he quickly resorted to the clergyman, who advised him to fulfill his engagement and to play nothing but psalms. Accordingly, as soon as Christmas-tide arrived, the weird stranger made his appearance, and beckoned the fiddler to a spot where the company were assembled. On reaching his destination he at once struck up a psalm tune, which so enraged his audience that they instantly vanished, but not without so violently bruising him that it was with some difficulty he succeeded in reaching home, and narrating his Christmas experience to the family as they were gathered round the fireside.

In Germany, Christmas Eve is the season of all others when fairies are supposed to be most active, keeping their festival on the mountain tops. Then, we are told, the rough stone is transformed into brilliant crystal—veins of gold starting out artistically into magic pillars—lenses in which graceful fairy dancing and dancing are kept up with unbroken enthusiasm. The attendants on these fairy-gatherings are generally beautiful Swedish girls, who have unwarily partaken of the contents of the golden goblets offered to them by the fairies, and thus instantly fallen into their power. According to the legendary lore found in most parts of Germany, the magic effect of these fairy potions is three-fold: "At the first draught from that horn he who drinks forgets Heaven; at the second he forgets earth; at the third he forgets his betrothed bride."

Hence, on Christmas Eve persons are recommended to stay at home, because the fables on this night delight to waylay the lonely traveler, compelling him to take a draught of Christmas cheer from their enchanted goblet.

Among the large class of folk-tales connected with this superstition, may be quoted one which tells how, when a Christmas feast was being given in a German village, one of the guests, attracted by the sound of music from without, was induced to leave the festive scene indoors, and to wander toward the spot where the music seemed to come. He had, however, not gone many steps when he was met by two beautiful girls, who asked him to join their Christmas gambols in a neighboring field, which, after little persuasion, he consented to do. On arriving at the fairies' gathering, for such it was, he was surrounded by numberless little beings all anxious to welcome him, one of whom handed him a cup of wine, after drinking which he forgot his former state, and thought of nothing except the feasting and dancing of the fairies. When he had been enjoying himself in this manner for some time, the fairies reminded him of his own home; but what was his astonishment when, on passing through the village to find everything in decay, and all his relations and friends dead, for the spell of the fairies' cup on him had lasted 100 years.

One German version of the well-known legend of the man in the moon connects this wretched individual's solitary imprisonment in that isolated region with his having stolen cabbages from his neighbor's garden on Christmas Eve. When just in the act of escaping with his load he was perceived by some passers-by, who, there and then, conjured him up into the moon. There he stands, in the full light of the moon, to be seen by everybody, having his stolen load of cabbages on his back for all eternity. He only has a minute's change one day in the year, when he is said to turn round once on Christmas Eve.

Again, the Wild Huntsman is said in Germany to make nightly excursions through the air for the twelve nights of Christmas, alarming all who hear him by his furious progress. He generally rides upon a large white horse, and is followed by four and twenty fierce dogs. According to a tale quoted by Mr. Thorpe, in his "Northern Mythology," in every place through which he passes the hedges fall with a crash, the road opening of its own accord before him. He rides with such speed that his dogs often fail to keep pace with him, and frequently may be heard panting and howling. Occasionally one is left behind as happened one year at Wulfsford, where it remained panting, howling, without intermission until the following Christmas Eve, when the Wild Huntsman again took it with him. Hence various precautions were formerly taken to prevent the Wild Huntsman approaching any particular street.

It is also considered dangerous to spin at Christmas time, or the Wild Huntsman will gallop through. On one occasion a woman refused to take a timely warning, and had no sooner sat down to spin on Christmas Eve, than she fell into a deep sleep, and was only awakened by the entrance of a stranger, who, without any apology for intruding, asked for her spinning wheel and commenced spinning. Before long he used up all the flax she had, and on his asking for more, she was obliged to give him her supply of wool. Still, however, he kept on calling for more, and his angry demands so frightened the terrified poor woman that, although it was but 4 in the morning, she was obliged to give him her supply of wool. Still, however, he kept on calling for more, and his angry demands so frightened the terrified poor woman that, although it was but 4 in the morning, she was obliged to give him her supply of wool.

Tradition also says that at this season of the year all kinds of hidden treasures are specially revealed to mankind, in connection with which belief the following tale is quoted: Between Christmas Day and the festival of the Epiphany, the new-born Divinity comes down from Heaven in order to wander about the earth; on which account labor of any kind is accounted wrong. At midnight, also, on each of these festivals, "the heavenly doors are thrown open; the radiant realms of Paradise in which the sun dawns disclose their treasures; the waters of springs and rivers become animated, turn into wine and receive a healing efficacy; the trees put forth blossoms, and golden fruits ripen upon their boughs."

The soul helps the body, and at certain moments uplifts it. It is the only bird which sustains its cage.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A VISIT TO THE WORKSHOPS OF L. PRANG & CO.

The Mysteries of Chromo Card Printing as Seen by a Party of Young Folks.—The Essentials of a Popular Card.

[Adapted from Wide Awake.]

"First of all," said the manager, in reply to a question, "a card design must be pleasing to people in general; it must also possess a certain originality—a palpable freshness, or it will not attract attention to itself. And then it must convey a sentiment of congratulation, either for a birthday, a birthday, or some home anniversary. Of course, we rejoice if with these necessary features it is also so beautiful as to command the admiration belonging to a fine work of art, rendering the card an object to be treasured indefinitely by the possessor."

"I must not forget to add," continued he, "that as a design, must be of such a nature as to be readily reproduced by lithography."

Stepping to a table, he opened a large book to a picture in rich colors. "This," said he, "was reproduced by lithography from a painting; that is, it was run through the press thirty times, each time receiving a new color or shade."

He turned from this gorgeous representation of a woman and child, which was on the last leaf, to the first leaf. This showed simple outlines of all the objects in the picture that had just seen, also outlines of each color in the picture. He then slowly turned one leaf after another, showing that the book was a very convenient direction of the picture, displaying on its left-hand pages a fresh color printed by itself, and on its right-hand pages the same color printed in its proper relations with all the colors combined which had preceded it, the original design growing with each page more distinct and fuller in color and richer. "Lithography means stone-writing," said the manager, leading the way into another apartment.

"Lithography means printing from drawings or drawings made on stone. Chromo-lithography—our work—is printing in colors from drawings on stone."

He had taken the visitors into the artists' long rooms lighted with many windows, looking out upon blue skies and green trees, and cooled by rows of automatic fans. By each of these windows sat an artist, at work with pen and ink upon a zinc plate, evidently copying the painting before him. Pausing near one desk, the manager said, "This artist will be busy with this design three or four months. It is to have twenty-eight printings, and he has twenty-eight plates to make. First of all, he laid a thin sheet of gelatine, transparent as glass, over the original, and traced upon that the outlines of all objects and colors. This outline drawing he transfers to each of the twenty-eight plates. You see this plate! The portions which he has worked with his pen in line and stipple, represent all the blue in the design. Here is the proof taken of it. Here is the plate where he worked all the yellow in the design, and here is the proof he took of it."

He is now working on this plate, the red portions of the picture. These prints of single colors, and these prints of combined colors, will be bound up together when the whole twenty-eight plates are completed, and will be the guide-book as regards color, to the printer of the card. We shall come upon this again in the press room."

"Did you not say lithography was printing from stones? These drawings are made on zinc."

He pointed to some slabs of smooth cream gray stone three or four inches thick. "We did formerly make drawings directly on these stones," said he, "but their weight and size rendered them inconvenient both to handle and store. We print from stone, however, as I will show you. He led the way down stairs into a room full of mysterious machinery. "The artists were drawing with lithographic ink," he resumed. "That is a greasy ink which sheds water perfectly. Now see how we transfer the drawing from the zinc to the printing stone."

They saw nine prints taken in greasy ink from the zinc drawing. These were pasted upon a sheet of paper. This sheet was laid, print side down, upon a slab of well-polished stone. "This is lithographic stone," explained the manager; "we import it from Bavaria in Germany, the only quarries in the world where this quality exists in quantity."

A strong even pressure from a heavy roller was now applied to the sheet upon the stone. Then the paper was dampened, rubbed and washed off. The lines of the nine prints of the zinc drawing remained upon the stone slab.

This printing stone now went to the steam press. There they found the proof-book containing the double impressions of each of the zinc drawings made for this card-back—the print of the plain color on one page, and the print of its impression upon the other colors, on the page opposite.

The printer had placed his ink to reproduce one of the colors. A trial sheet was printed to represent this color, also an impression upon a sheet of the previous color printings. "All colors used in printing," explained the manager, "are exactly the same that artists use in oil painting, ground up in oil, and by choice of colors all complex combinations of an original painting may be reproduced."

He then explained that after the printing stone was wetted, the greasy color ink would stick to the lines of the lithographic ink drawing, but to no other portion of the stone. Understanding this each time a sheet went through, the girls watched with pleasure the action of the self-feeding rollers as they reeled the drawing on the automatic, really velvet stone; they observed that thick sheets were laid between the printed sheets as they came from the press to prevent "offsets" of ink; and in reply to a question it was learned that a printing stone might contain from one to 350 "transfers"—these latter, tiny Scripture text cards, and baby valentines.

"Which are your most popular and profitable cards?" was asked at the close of the visit.

The manager smiled. "The modest card, the tender kind. Some years, figures will be the rage; then again landscapes or flowers. As a rule, however, flower cards are the favorites. But not the gorgeous and stately specimens. We send out flower cards in sets. The daisies, the pansies, the dandelions, the buttercups, are sold. These are the flowers which touch the heart. There is connected with them some universal sentiment. The conservatory lentils of the set court the eye with less success. So a cottage on the hillside, its lonely smoke curling upward, will outsell the most luxurious palace interior."

Ten years ago, the wife of our London agent suggested to him to order Christmas cards from us for England, where the custom for their use originated. The American cards at once became the rage all over England, and the following year we introduced them at home with equal success."

Victor Hugo: Little incidents are, so to speak, the foliage of great events, and are lost in the distance of history.

CHRISTMAS IN NORSELAND.

The Holidays in the Remote Country Districts of Norway.

[H. H. Boyesen in the Current.]

Christmas in Norway is not, as with us, a brief commemoration of the birth of Christ, confined only to the day which the church has fixed upon for this celebration. It is rather the winter vacation—a season of uninterrupted festivity, during which every one, high and low, takes his pleasure in accordance with his taste. A man who has been sober all the year round, but regards being drunk as the highest form of happiness, procures the needed supply of brandy, retires to his room, and "celebrates."

Another, who prefers convivial celebration, goes to a dancing party and picks quarrels right and left, conducting himself as "the cock of the walk," until some one who cherishes the same ambition temporarily disables him.

Young people of higher tastes make up large sleighing parties, and descend on masses upon some rich neighbor, who, with open arms and the large-handed hospitality peculiar to Norwegians, receives the unbidden guests and provides all the necessities for a Yule-tide entertainment. Laughter, music, and the whirl of dancing feet resound through the great old-fashioned house, while the host, with his obsequious voice encourages every one to do his best, and, perhaps, even himself treads a sedate and stately waltz with the wife of his bosom. When, at last, the tardy daylight surprises the revelers, the chances are ten to one that the hearty host will offer the whole company beds, and bid them stay and continue the merriment the next night. Then they may "go yule-backs," that is, visit the neighbors round about with masks and in various grotesque disguises, and afford the latter an excuse for laying them to another entertainment, and so "keep the ball rolling."

Thus the holidays pass in the remote country districts in Norway; all business is interrupted, and the Prince Carnival has full sway. Among the poorer classes, who can not afford to celebrate at their own expense, it is common to send the children out as "star-boys," that is, they pull white night-shirts on the outside of their ordinary garment, and give them a large canvas star, with a lighted lantern inside of it. These children then go traipsing through the deep snow, stopping at every house at the roadside, and singing under the windows in their shrill child voices, Christmas carols of the Star of Bethlehem and the Child in the manger. Everywhere they are invited in and rewarded for their exertions with food and pennies.

It is one of the most pathetic features of Christmas in Norway—these white-robed little children with their red, frost-bitten faces, and their shrill, eager, and discontented voices. But life is hard up there under the Arctic circle for the young as well as the old; and a blessed relief from the daily struggle for bread in this brief holiday season, during which there is actually peace upon earth and good will among men!

"To Remember Christmas."

[Exchange.]

A dumpy, disconsolate-looking small boy was leaning against the wall at the street corner, when along came a tall, raw-boned stranger with about four drinks in him, and said:

"Bu-baby, do you feel bad?"

"Yes."

"Hain't you got non-money for Chrisme mas?"

"No."

"Just like me! I'm traveling on my last 15 cents' smooching, and it'll be all gone 'forenoon. Going to hang up your stocking?"

"No."

"Neither 'm I. I haven't got anybody to love me an' put toys in my pockets. Say, do you want a lizzle toy mule in your stocking?"

"Yes."

"So do I, but I won't get one. Tuff to be poor—tuffest kin' o' tuff. Say, bub?"

"What?"

"There ain't no hog about me. I'm the bizzest hearted man in the world. I'll make you happy if I have to sleep in the middle of the road. Here, take that, and this, and this—yes, take it along and be happy."

And he handed out a pint bottle half full of gin, a plug of tobacco and a dime song-book, and as the bewildered boy stood holding them in his hands the donor continued:

"That all—thar all but a eucher-deck and a pistol, and I'll keep 'em to make some other boy remember Christmas. Run along sonny—run home and be happy!"

Berlin Superstitions.

[Fall Mail Gazette.]

The inhabitants of Berlin are proud of describing the capital of the German empire as "the City of Intelligence." This appellation is, no doubt, well deserved, but even in that center of enlightenment such recurring Christmas shows that countless legends and superstitions hold their ground. For instance, no clothes-lines are allowed to be seen in the house between Christmas and New Year, for if they are not all carefully taken down it is believed by all good Berliners that a dreadful accident will happen. On the super table on Christmas Eve there must be a carp, which brings fortune, and if the scales of the fish are carried about in the purse it will never be empty during the coming year. All dreams between Christmas and New Year become true, and all children born at Christmas have the gift of prophecy. But we wonder how many Berliners, intelligent or otherwise, really believe these interesting relics of a pre-rationalistic age.

A Pie in Seventeen Seventy.

Account of a Christmas pie, taken from The Newcastle Chronicle of Jan. 6, 1770:

"Monday last was brought from Howick to Bewick to be shipped to London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows, viz.: Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two masts' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. It is supposed a very great curiosity; was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Bewick. It was nearly nine feet in circumference at the bottom, weighed about twelve stone, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at the table."

The Gypsy Legend.

[Harper's Magazine.]

An English gypsy told Mr. Charles G. Leland the reason for using evergreens on Christmas. It is this: "The ivy and holly and pine-tree never told a word where our Saviour was hiding Himself, and so they keep alive all winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of Him when He was hiding, so they have to remain dead through the winter. And so we gypsies always burn an ash fire every Great Day."

At Christmas day on Thursday he,
A windy wynter se shalle ye
Of wyndes and waders all wrecked,
And hardie tempestes stronge and thycke.
The moneth shalle goyd an dreye,
Ornyns and bestes shall multiplye;
That yere ys good londes to tyllhe;

—[Harleian MS., 16th century.]

A clever geometrical spider, perched in the center of his web and mounted on flush is the newest pen-wiper.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF CHRISTENDOM.

"For Behold, I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy Which Shall be to all the People."

THE NATIVITY.
[From a painting by Raphael.]The Birth of Christ.
[Luke II. 1-14. Revised Version.]

Now it came to pass in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment made when Quirinus was governor of Syria. And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to enroll himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child. And it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

Christmas in Puritanical Times.



HERE IS A PILGRIM FATHER TAKING HIS PILGRIM SON TO SEE HIS PILGRIM GRANDFATHER'S GRAVE AT A CHRISTMAS TREAT.

In the Bethlehem Stable.
[From "The Three Kings," by H. W. Longfellow.]
And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Santa Claus in Our Time.
[Life.]

"PLEASE TAKE ME UP TO THE NINETEENTH FLOOR, SONNY."

The Christmas Tree.
For this we are indebted to Germany. It was almost unknown in England until the time of Prince Albert. He having been accustomed to it in his childhood, introduced it at Windsor palace for the gratification of his children; and, of course, it soon became all the rage. German immigrants brought the custom to this country, and it has been adopted here by the people of all nationalities.

Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald: "John," said a Philadelphia wife, "I suppose we will have turkey for Christmas dinner." "No, dear," was the reply, "we cannot afford it." "I thought not, but I'll make the neighbors believe we had. I'll open one of the besticks, take out a few feathers, and scatter them around the yard."

Two noted Eves in history: Mother Eve and Christmas Eve.

Christmas.

[Mrs. Hemans.]

O Christmas! welcome to thy happy reign,
And all the social virtues in thy train;
The Cambrian harp hails thy festive time,
With sportive melody and artless rhyme;
Unlike the birds who sing in days of old,
And all the legends of tradition told
In Gothic castles decked with banners gay,
At solemn festivals they poured the lay,
Their poor descendant wanders through the vales.

And gain a welcome by his artless tales;
He finds so in every humble cot,
And hospitably in every spot;
'Tis now he tells the sprightly harp re-sound,

To bless the hours with genial plenty crowned.

And now the gay domestic joys we prove,
The smiles of peace, festivity and love,
O Christmas! welcome to thy hallowed reign.

And all the social virtues in thy train;
Compassion listening to the tale of grief,
Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief,
And every muse with animating gleam,
Coraxia: mirth and cordial sympathy.

When Christmas Draweth Nigh.



PA WEARER A PERPETUAL FROWN, WHILE
THE SON WEARER A BROAD SMILE.

Just Before Christmas.

Young ladies who have quarrelled with
their young men will try to make up.

The young men mentally hope they won't
succeed in their endeavors.

Even bank cashiers and plumbers anxiously
examine their finances to see if they can
stem the holidays.

Society young men dream of receiving
watch, pocket, neckties, slippers, and so
forth, from their girls.

While they are expected to give in return,
rings, jewel cases, toilet sets and brass-
mounted photograph albums.

The Sunday-schools all show a greatly in-
creased attendance.

The women worry themselves sick in try-
ing to keep secret the fact that they are
making a dressing-gown, smoking cap or
hat mark for some one.

When Christmas Falls on Thursday.

[Babian MS. Fifteenth Century.]

Yf Cristemas day on Thursay be,
A wyndy wynter ys shalle see.
Of wyndes and weders all wrecked,
And harde tempests strong and thycke.
The somer shall be good and drye,
Cornys and bestes shall multiplye;
That yere ys good londes to tyllie,
And kynges and prynces shall dye by skylle.

Christmas Decorations.



The decking of churches, houses and shops
with evergreens springs from a period anterior
to the Christian era. During the Saturnalia
the Romans used to ornament their
temples and dwellings with green boughs.
When Christianity became the religion of
the empire, in the fourth century, the custom
was preserved, and was justified by the
priests from the account of the strewing of
palm branches in the way during Christ's
triumphal journey to Jerusalem, and also
from the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. The
Druids in England used to trim their houses
with mistletoe and other green branches
to propitiate the wood spirits. Wherever
Christianity went it found some such custom,
and hence it was not strange that decorating
with evergreens at Christmas is almost uni-
versal.

For a Fortnight Before Christmas



THE TURKEY IS WELL FED.

Josh Billings: The infidel, in his impu-
dence, will ask you to prove that the flood
did occur, when the poor idiot himself can't
even prove, to save his life, what makes one
apple sweet and one sour, or tell what a hen's
egg is white and a duck's egg blue.

Troy Times: What is the Democracy going
to give Burghard for Christmas?

The Current: This will be a very bad win-
ter—the storm-doors are being built a little
farther out on the sidewalks than usual.

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

The Ups and Downs of His Life—A Story
Without Words.
[New York Graphic.]

The majority vote in favor of taxation of
church property in Washington territory
was 2,937.

Christmas Eve.

THE CHILDREN THINK THEY HEAR OMINOUS
NOISES IN THE CHIMNEY.

A Hint for Christmas Collections.

[Texas Siftings.]

Col. Yerger, meeting the Rev. Whangdoo-
die Baxter on Austin avenue, asked him:

"How is your congregation coming out?"

"We are going right ahead, sah." Since we
has quit passin' de hat, we has taken in lots
ob money. Der kerlechsuns has increased
wonderfully, sah, wonderfully."

"I don't understand how you can take up
collections if you don't pass the hat."

"We pass de plate now."

"Well, that's the same thing as passing
the hat, isn't it?"

"No, sah, hit ain't de same thing. Deacon
Webster passed de hat for moah dan a year,
and de kerlechsuns was mighty small; but
now I passes de plate myself, and de money
just rolls in. De plate am much more reli-
able dan de hat."

"How is that?"

"Deacon Webster put tar in de top ob his
hat."

A Provoking Christmas Gift.

TO THE MAN WHO HAS JUST GIVEN UP SMOK-
ING.

When England was Merry England.

[Sir Walter Scott.]

England was Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas bronched the mightiest all;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol off could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

The Old Story.

On Christmas morn the husband is sur-
prised with a beautiful gold watch and
chain, a gift from his wife.

The next week he is equally surprised (in
an inverse ratio) at receiving a bill for same
from the jeweler.

Answer to a Correspondent.

Jy Gold: Yes, Xmas is the time when
stock kings are hung.

Hartford Post: It is said that \$300,000 are
annually expended in Christmas cards in
this country. The Christmas card for 10
cents beats a \$5 Christmas present all to
flinders—from the giver's standpoint.

Christmas Music.



"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR,
BUT WHEN IT COMES WE KNOW IT'S HERE."

Savior Faire, Not Cheek.

[Joe Howard.]

Many years ago I was sent to report a ser-
mon in Dr. Adams' church. I was late, and
so were several other newspaper men, ser-
vices having been begun earlier than the
advertised hour. While the other boys were
debating what they would do, I took off my
hat and walked down the centre aisle, the
church being crowded to its utmost ca-
pacity, and found on the very front bench,
or pews I believe they call them, three
excellent seats. One of my associates sub-
sequently said to me: "never saw such 'cheek'
in his life, whereupon I gently rebuked him
and told him that, young as I was, expe-
rience had taught me that down toward the
front of almost every audience, congrega-
tion or assemblage of any kind there was
always several unoccupied seats, and
that, if utilizing experience in the
interest of the paper which paid me
and my work, I could be called
'cheek,' then I was quite content to rest
under the imputation of being cheeky. Ex-
perience in this line is just as valuable, as
far as the line goes, as in any other lines of
life and occupation. If it is desirable to get
a good place and you know, by previous ob-
servation, that there probably are places
toward the front, isn't it rather savor faire,
than cheek, to go direct to the place you
desire? It seems to me so."

Now the annual doll epidemic has broken
out, dolls are everywhere, but why are they
all blonde? Can we not have a brown-
haired or chestnut curled beauty occasion-
ally? Anything to break the monotony.

Victor Hugo: He who has seen the misery
of women only, has seen nothing; he must
see the misery of children.

HOLIDAY
PRESENTS.

WE HAVE THEM

—TO—

PLEASE EVERY ONE,

—BOTH IN—

QUALITY & PRICE,

—AND THINK—

It will Be to Your Inter-
est to See Our Goods

—BEFORE MAKING YOUR SELECTION.—

The Largest and Cheapest Line
of Candies, Nuts and For-
eign Fruits

Ever Brought to Stanford.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Presents for your Mother-in law at Bourne's.
Presents for your Granmammy at Bourne's.
Presents for your Gal at Bourne's.
Presents for your Fellow at Bourne's.
Presents for your Friend at Bourne's.
Presents for your Sister, Father, Mother—Everybody, at Bourne's.

Toilet Cases at Bourne's.
Nail Sets at Bourne's.
Odor Cases at Bourne's.
Writing Desks at Bourne's.
Fine Books at Bourne's.

Toilet Sets at Bourne's.
Baby Sets at Bourne's.
Christmas Cards at Bourne's.
Dolls at Bourne's.
Anything you want at Bourne's.

Bourne is the Friend of the Gift-Maker—in fact

Bourne is a nice little man,
Bourne is a dandy;
Bourne sells the nicest goods
And feeds the girls on candy.—[Shakespeare.]

Then go immediately and see BOURNE at the New Drug Store, next door
to Higgins, STANFORD, KY.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles,
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Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and
Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roof-
ing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen: W. R. McKinney,
John Bright, Jr.

WORKING THE CLOTHING MAN

Is better than "betraying a boy." While
"the betrayer of a boy" can have noth-
ing but a selfish motive, the worker of
the Clothing men is by no means self-
ish. He came here to sell Clothing,
and not to play tricks; and although
he admits of having been downed, he
does not propose to leave town till the
Clothing men of Stanford hollow murder
and plead for mercy.

And if the good people of Stanford will appreciate good treatment and low
prices, I will stay here; and I will assure you that if you will give me your
patronage I will make their knees weaker than mine were when 25 shots were
fired after me. Come and see me and you will find that I am not so badly
injured that I can not treat you right.

Next door to Farmers Nat. Bank.

COMPETITION DISMAYED PANIC IN THEIR RANKS! S. L. Powers & Co's

Great Holiday Sale of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Clothing, Blankets, Cloaks, Shawls, Trunks, Valises and Useful Novelties

Suitable for Holiday Presents, at prices a mere trifle of those charged for same class of goods elsewhere. Everybody invited. Don't fail to see our Cheap Table.

S. L. POWERS & CO.,

Originators and Promoters of Low Prices for all the People.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - December 23, 1894



LAST YEAR OUR FRIEND JOHNSON'S FLOCKING HUNG SOLITARY AND ALONE. BUT THIS YEAR THINGS ARE ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT WITH OUR FRIEND JOHNSON.



"IF DEM IVORIES DON'T TURN RIGHT ON DIS TROW, BRUDDER BROWN, DERE WON' BE NO MERRY CRISTMAS ABOUN' IN MY FAN'L'Y."



A STREET ORCHID'S CHRISTMAS TREE. The above scene was witnessed in the early morning in front of the residence of a well-known money king in a retired section of one of our large cities. A little street urchin, seeing a discarded portion of a withered tree, had conceived the idea of decorating it with all the available articles of the neighboring ash barrels and gutters could furnish. There was not in that great city a lighter or happier heart, probably, than that expressed in the countenance of this poor, ragged little soul, and the reason was that the tree was the product of his own handiwork. Let the boys hunt and secure the evergreens and decorate the homes; let the girls make the doll clothes and help with the pantry and housework, and see if the happiness of the Christmas festival is not greatly enhanced by doing so.

Inter Ocean: As Thanksgiving is the anniversary of the old folks, Christmas is the anniversary of the young, and he who celebrates it as he should, he who can be a child again just for one day, will find the boon that the world has always sought for, and drink at least one drop from the cup the ancients called Nephenthe, and have a fragment of his youth restored.

The Young Man and the Gobbler. (Livingston Hopkins.) "You are old, Turkey Gobbler," the young man cried; "Your flesh must be terribly tough. Yet they'll cook you to-morrow for dinner. I'll bet— Don't you think that exceedingly rough?"

"I am no longer young, I admit," said the fowl; "Yet remember I cost but a shillin'; Your landlady thought (and with her I agree) That considering the price I'd be fillin'."



THE PUMPKIN WINKS AT THE PIE-PLATE. "You are old as the hills," the young man remarked; "And I fear you are not very fat. Though they've fed you on pumpkin seeds now for a month— Pray what will you answer to that?"

"I am not very fat—you've hit it again; In truth I'm as lean as a lizard. For some chronic complaint, with a long Latin name, Is eating away my gizzard."



FROM YOUNG FLEDGELING'S GIRL. "SHE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I HAVEN'T ANY BEARD—AS YET." "Your gizzard! good gracious! don't say so, by Jove!" "The youth in dismay fairly roared; "Why, that is the part sure to fall to my lot. When, as now, I'm behind with my board!"

"I am sorry for that," replied the old fowl; "I assure you 'tis no fault of mine; But I'll pass if you choose to prefer some thing else, 'Twill be easy enough to decline."

A Misappropriate Christmas Present.



"You are old, you are tough, you are sickly besides; Your lot my compassion doth move; Don't you think," said the youth, "that a change of some Your condition would greatly improve?" "I acknowledge the corn, bub; a change of

Would do me much good, I believe; But I have an engagement to-morrow, you see, And cannot very well leave."



AND STILL SHE CLAIMS IT IS JUST WHAT SHE WANTED.

"I'll break your engagement," the young man cried; "As he smashed in the coop with an axe, Whereupon for a healthier neighborhood The old turkey gobbler made tracks."

"There'll be turkey for dinner," the boarders all cried; "But, alas! they were greatly mistaken, For the landlady brought in that Christmas day The usual liver and bacon!"

Assets And Liabilities New York Graphic



'Twas 'e nite after Xmas and all thro' 'e house 'e Creature was styrringe not even 'e mouse That surmountet a pen-wiper handily bye Whyles Batters-fain, peeped in his purse on 'e slave. Each pouch in 'e wallet he care= fully scanned. "Let 'e see 'e saved slowlie "what cash 'e've on hand. Liabilities so much—assets so and so. Thats 'e way to get at it . . . I've nothing to shew For 'e cash 'e've invested in holy= day Joye But a home-made pen-wiper—pon flannel-mouse cope." Theres a wanness a gonness A faraway looke Whyles he searches 'e depths Of that Gaunt Pockette=bookie.

Buckley's Arnica Salve. The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Kate & Penny.

An Editor's Tribute. Theron P. Keator, editor of the Fort Wayne (Indiana) Gazette, writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of the most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in the same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough that I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at Tate & Penny's Drug store and get a Free Trial Bottle. Large size \$1.

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Hustonsville, Ky.,

Headquarters for Santa Claus Supplies.

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I Invite You to Call and Examine them. Prices Lower than ever. G. F. PEACOCK.

J. M. COOK,

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Dealer in Groceries, Hardware, Glassware,

Queensware and a Full Supply of Fancy Groceries, Canned, Nuts, &c.

Give Him a Christmass Call

J. M. COOK, Hustonsville.

Livery Stable!

Those Wishing First-Class Turn-Outs

Should call on D. S. CARPENTER at his Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. Livery run in connection with the Weatherford House. D. S. CARPENTER, Hustonsville, Ky.

Livery Stable!

Livery, Feed, Sale and Training Stable.

First-Class Turnouts Furnished!

G. M. GIVENS, Prop'r. Hustonsville, Ky.

Veranda Hotel,

McKinney, Ky.

I am proprietor of the above Hotel and do all in my power to make it

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Commercial Men will find it by far the Best Hotel in McKinney.

Prices to Suit the Times.

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